

POETRY.

FROM THE NATIONAL GAZETTE. WAR.

War not with France!
That coward terror prompts the word,
My country! show thy valour,
And show thy victory-tinted sword,
And teach him to slay upon thy name
Old Europe's breathing nation,
And millions there would wait about.

War not with France!
No—though she hath withheld thy gold;
With generous blood who darest weigh
Who deems a nation's honor sold?
Though countless legions be her loss!
Can all the guerdon thou mayst gain
Be recompense for crime's increase?
Can crimson spit dash out the stain
Of vice; entailed on years of peace?

War not with France!
No not for fame; there's many a home
Earth's holiest blessing now makes glad,
Bid battle's foot come nigh the dome,
And all is there to make life sad.
For with the sheen of conquests dry
The widow's tear it caused to flow!
From orphaned bosoms the low sigh,
Will tones of triumph banish!—No!

War not with France!
Remembering in thy darkest hour,
When thou wast poor, her fleets, her men,
With thee made weak the Briton's power,
With Freedom, France was kindred then!
War not with him, the wavering Gaul!
The present for the past forget,
And who shall deem the motive small
That spurs the land of La Fayette!

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE EARL AND THE LOWLY LADY.

The earl, but stately procession had passed into the church, and even the nudes of the venerable building were thronged with persons. One might have thought, who looked upon the coronet, glittering on the cushion of crimson velvet, and all the other insignia of high rank, that curiosity alone had drawn thither such a crowd; but a deeper interest was marked on every countenance; and the firm voice of the minister had faltered more than once, as he read the solemn service. Yet the coffin was that of a child, a little tender infant, who had died in its first unconscious helplessness. Every one thought of the father standing up among them, and looking so desolate in his grief. More than one fond mother wept, and drew her red cloak closely round the infant on her bosom, as she gazed round upon the mournful pomp, and the little coffin and the young nobleman—childless, and worse than widowed—O yes! worse than widowed! as he stood there, and followed with his eyes, the movement of the men then placing the coffin of his child in the shadowy darkness of the open vault below him. That church was a place of agonizing recollection to the young earl of Derby. Often had he entered it a happy husband; and as he walked slowly down the aisle to his carriage he could not help recalling the day when his beautiful and modest bride clung, in trembling bashfulness, to his arm, when he had there, for the first time, called her his wife. "I am sick of all this pomp!" he said to himself, as he entered the wide hall of his own magnificent residence, attended by his train of servants and met by the obsequious bows of the men who had conducted the funeral; "I am sick of all this mockery! I will bear it no longer. Would that I were a poor, hard-working peasant, with some honest hearts to care for me, and love me. I am heartily tired of your great people!"

Not many weeks after the funeral of the heir of the noble house of Derby, a solitary wayfarer man stopped at the turning of a little footpath, which led down the sloping side of the hill overlooking the village of H—. He had been leisurely wandering on since the early hours of the morning, and had not yet found the place where he would rest for the night. "Here, at least, is a happy scene," he said, as he looked down upon the little village at the foot of the hill. "About fifty or sixty persons were scattered in careless groups, about the pleasant green. Some of them were dancing beneath a venerable grove of elms, others were crowding round the only booth which had been raised in the rustic fair. At least, I may witness their enjoyment, though I cannot share it," he said, and, in a few moments, he was standing beneath the old trees on the green.

But, although he was not recognized as the earl of Derby, and disgusted by the attentions paid to his rank and station, he found the familiarity of vulgar minds, and low conversation, not quite so agreeable as he had perhaps expected. Quietly he turned away from the noisy scene. He passed over the old bridge, which crosses the clear and shallow stream, and turned down a lane, the banks of which were overgrown with wild flowers, and straggling bushes of birch, sufficiently high and thick to meet overhead, and form a perfect bower of grateful shade. A poor woman was returning home through the lane with her children, her infant sleeping soundly on her bosom, and a curly-headed archer, with cheeks with puffed at a little painted trumpet, the horrid grating of which, had all the charm of novelty and noise to him. The young mother looked so hot and tired, and wistful so

good humored, that the earl could not resist asking her if she could direct him to a lodging. "Not in that merry village we have just left," he said, "for I am unwell and tired."

The woman pointed to a little path, not very far from the spot where they stood, which turned suddenly out of the lane into a wood, overhanging the river, and directed him to follow it through a large cornfield, and up a very steep, sandy lane, and then, for about half a mile over—but such directions are tiresome enough—when one is obliged to listen to them to learn one's own way; here, they would be even more so. Besides, I am not sure the earl attended to the poor woman, for he lost his way. He walked on, wrapped in his own melancholy thoughts, but soothed, in every sense, by the cool fresh air, the gurgling flow of the river, and all those distant sounds, which, in the quiet fields on a fair calm evening, fall so sweetly indistinct upon the ear. But the sun had set before the wanderer awoke to the recollection of the purpose before him. He looked around him; he saw green and sloping hills, many stately trees, and the same calm river flowing gently below, but no house. At last, where the leafy shade was deepest, he discovered a pile of old, quaintly-shaped chimneys, opposed against the glowing sky. He had not proceeded far in the direction of the farmhouse, which now plainly appeared among the trees, when a light step seemed to approach him, and then stopped suddenly; and he heard the sound of unrestrained weeping. A hazel copse separated him from the meadow whence the sound proceeded; but, on peeping through a little opening, he saw that a young girl was sitting on the bank of the meadow on the other side. For a little while she continued weeping—only for a little while—clapping her hands together, she raised her head, and her whole heart seemed to look up to heaven in her meek and steadfast gaze.

Still she sat there, almost without stirring, except that once or twice, she looked down upon the green grass, and her hand dropped half forgetfully, and half playfully, among the flowers that grew in wild luxuriance beside her as if she was pleased with, but scarcely knew she noticed them. Just then the rich song of the nightingale burst upon the stillness of the evening, and stole away her ear; and though her thoughts seemed yet to linger on about the subject which had made her weep, she listened till at last she smiled; and so, minute after minute passed away, and gradually she forgot all her trouble; and the only expression on her fair face was innocent gladness.

Let no one suppose that, in this fair country girl, we have met with any maiden of gentle birth, brought down to a low estate by the hard usage of adversity; nor any wonder of her native village, gifted with talents of the highest order. Oh, no! Lucy was none of these. What was she? A fair and happy maiden of low birth; if to be born of poor and honest parents be low birth; if of no accomplishments or education beyond reading, and—(let me remember, yes, she could write.) She read well, for her voice was full of natural melody, and practice, and feeling, and above all, piety had made her very perfect.

Lucy's features were not beautiful, but their modest, innocent expression, was better than mere beauty. Her hands were not the whitest in the world; though delicately, nay, exquisitely shaped; their little palms might have been softer; but, it might have been said of her, as of the fair and happy milk-maid, "she makes her hand hard with labor." It might have been well added, "she makes her tender heart soft with pity," for she who knew her say she was the kindest creature that ever lived; and speak of a gentle and winning courteousness of manner, that gave a charm to every look, and every word she uttered. But although she was one of nature's own sweet gentle-women, and unaffectedly modest and pious, she was only a poor uneducated country girl. There was one, however, who soon began to find new hope—new life, I might almost say, in the society of Lucy; one who, in spite of all the pride of aristocracy, of his habits, and his prejudices, began to feel it a privilege to be addressed as a familiar friend by the pure-minded maiden; who felt, in his inmost heart, the influence of her modest, cheerful piety; and paid her, from his heart, the homage of respect and love that was the sweeter from being half made up of gratitude.

He could not help smiling, when he made his proposals in due form, to the relations of his sweet Lucy; for they did not choose to have their child thrown away upon one who, for what they knew to the contrary, might be little better than a beggar, or a sort of (they did not quite say the word) "vagabond." They doubted, and questioned, and wavered, and questioned him again, till the earl began to feel uncomfortable, and to stammer, and blush; and thus, in fact, to make them really suspicious: for he had quite forgotten the issue of his suit to them. "You see," said an old uncle, at last, who was the head of the family, and the best spokesman, "you may be a very good sort of a young man, and I have nothing to say against you; but you are, or at least have been, till now, when you're

plucking up a bit, a poor, sickly, idle body; and, suppose you fall ill, or take to no kind of employ, and have nothing coming in of your own—why Lucy's fifty pounds, and the hundred that I shall leave her, when, please heaven! I die, will go but a very little way. I tell you what," he said, "brother and sister," (turning to Lucy's parents, and looking very wise,) "don't be in a hurry to give your consent; Lucy, though I say it, is a good girl as any in the land, and fit for a lord—yes, I say it again, (though you seem to smile,) young man—fit for any lord in the land."

Lucy had been very busily plucking the withered leaves from a geranium, which her lover had given her; but now she turned round, pale and trembling, for she feared the effect of her uncle's harangue upon her father, who was apt to be as positive as his brother. She trembled, and her heart throbbed with agitation, for she cared not if he whom she loved were penniless; but she felt that without the consent of her parents, (servants of God, and kind parents as they both were,) she could not marry him. She turned, as gentle loving daughters will, on all such occasions, to her own tender mother, and she had not to speak; her mother could read her looks, and she could not resist the tears which rose so suddenly into the soft eyes of her dutiful child. Mothers, or wives, I mean to say, have a winning way of their own—particularly mild, submissive wives, such as Lucy's mother; and what with her own influence as a wife, and her own woman's wit, or (in truer words) calm good sense; it was soon agreed that Lucy should marry her lover on this condition—that the answer to a certain letter, to be written by him, for a character, etc. proved satisfactory.

In due time, to the very day, a letter arrived, directed to Lucy's father. With this letter the father and the uncle were quite satisfied; and now Lucy, who had been, at times, unusually silent, recovered all her cheerfulness; and went about the house singing (so her mother thought) like a nightingale. Thomas Clifford, for so he called himself, was married to his Lucy, and all the fair and modest girls of the neighborhood were waiting round the church door, to fling basketfuls of flowers in the little path, as Clifford led his bride to their own cottage.

He heard the blessing of many poor, aged creatures, who lingered about in the sunshine of the church-yard, upon his humble, yet lovely bride. Every one who met them on that happy morning, smiled upon them, and blessed them. "High rank, heaps of gold, could not buy such blessings as this!" he said to himself; "but my sweet and pious Lucy has won the love of every heart. These people too, have known her from her childhood!"

"That is a grand place, indeed!" said Lucy, as, toward the close of their second day's journey, they approached an ancient and almost princely edifice, "but does our road lie through the park?"

"Not exactly through the park," he replied, "but I thought my Lucy might like to see these fine grounds, and the house gardens. I have known the gardener and the housekeeper for years; and I am sure we shall find them very civil, and willing to show us any little attention in their power, and we have time enough though the sun is getting low, for we are just at home."

Lucy was delighted. She had never seen a nobleman's house before, she said. "Well! all those large rooms, and the pictures, and all the fine furniture are very grand," said Lucy, "but my eyes ache with looking on them: I like this garden a great deal better. What a beautiful one it is! But may we sit down in this arbour of honeysuckle so near the house?"

Lucy sat in silence for some little time, gazing round her at the venerable house, and the trees and gardens; at length, she said, "I wonder if the lord of this grand place is happy? Is the earl of Derby a good man, dear husband? Is he kind and free-spoken to the poor? Is he a married man?" she added, looking with a smile of peculiar sweetness in her husband's face.

"How many questions you have given me to answer, Lucy! Let me consider. Yes, he is a married man: he married, not many months ago, a young country-girl, such another as yourself, dear Lucy."

"Poor thing!" said Lucy, and she sighed from her very heart.

"Why do you sigh, my own wife?" he demanded. "Do you envy that poor country maiden?"

"Do I envy her?" she replied, in a voice of tender reproach, "what a strange question. Do I envy any one?" and as she said this, she drew more closely round her the arm which encircled her slender waist; "would I exchange my husband with any one?" she added, looking up tenderly and lovingly into his face, "I sighed only for the poor young lady, (for a while now) such a change is enough to warm her heart!"

"Perhaps it might," she replied, in the simplest and most natural manner. "But is she really happy? Does she love him for himself alone?"

"My sweet Lucy," he began, and as he spoke, his wife thought that he had never seemed so tenderly respectful toward

her: "My sweet Lucy, you alone can answer those last questions: you smile! I see you look amazed upon me; but I repeat it, you alone!"

"But first," said Lucy, very ardently, "I must be lady here, you must make me countess of Derby!"

She had scarcely said this, when, from one of the castle turrets, a bell began to toll: Clifford rose up instantly, and without saying a word, led his wife to the castle. They entered the chapel there, in which the servants and the tenants had all assembled, and the chaplain was preparing to commence the evening service; then, leaving the wondering Lucy into the midst of them, he presented her to them as their future mistress, the countess of Derby, his wife.

Lucy did not speak; she could scarcely stand; the color forsook her face, and she looked as one about to faint. She stared first at her husband, and then at the domestics around her, and at last she began to comprehend every thing. Eagerly she seized her husband's hand, which she had dropped in her surprise, now affectionately extended to her; then, with an effort that was very visible, but which gave new interest to her in the eyes of all present, she regained somewhat of her natural and modest self-possession; and raising her innocent face, she courtesied to the ground, and met the respectful greeting of those around her with smiles, which, perhaps, spoke more at once to the heart than the best wisdom of words. The earl of Derby led his wife to his own seat, and placed her beside him.

Lucy knelt down upon a cushion of embroidered velvet, with the sculptured escutcheons, and stately banners of the house of Derby above her; but, perhaps, of all the high ornaments of that ancient family, none ever knelt there with a purer heart, or with a humbler spirit, than that LOWLY LADY.

Judgment and Fashion.—Judgment and the doctors say, "keep your feet warm and your head cool." But the fashion of the day says to the ladies, wear cloth coats, far capes for the shoulders, and the indispensable boa about the neck, but be certain and encase the feet in cotton or fine worsted and prunella. Thus judgment and fashion are at war, and the victory always belongs to the latter.

Turkish Ideas of Consistency.—In De Kay's sketches of Turkey, he says, "an old Turk upon learning that we were Americans, inquired if it was true we had sent our Missionaries to make converts of the Turks in ships laden with wine and spirits."

A country paragon, speaking of the evil tendency of war, says among other things it "raises up a crop of heroes to claim all the offices in the country for twenty years afterwards."

A physician was lately fined 600 francs at Paris for administering by mistake to a child, which caused its death, acetate of morphine for sulphate of quinine.

FASHION.

Fifty years ago in Philadelphia, ladies used to go out to spend an evening, at 4 or 5 o'clock. In process of time, the visiting hour was procrastinated to candle light. Twenty years ago, 7 o'clock was the fashionable hour. Ten years ago, it was 8 o'clock. Five years ago, 9 o'clock was rather late, but this winter, 10 o'clock is rather early.

Numbers drop in after 11, and if matters are carried much further, before long, any person who goes out to spend the evening will have to go in the morning of the following day.

Gentlemen's parties, which are now more frequent than at any former period, commence at a more reasonable hour.

Between 8 and 9 o'clock is the period of assembling, and 10 or 11 o'clock sees them all safe at home, just in time to go out with their wives and daughters.

The industrious and virtuous education of children, is a better inheritance for them than a great estate. To what purpose is it, said Crates, to heap up great estates, and have no concern about what manner of heirs you leave them to?

Receipts.—How to get rid of an acquaintance whose society you do not like.—If he is poor, lend him some money, if he is rich, ask him to lend you some.

The way to get rich.—Attend to your own business, and let your neighbor attend to his—drive your business, and be cautious that your business does not drive you, when you work is promised have it accomplished at the appointed time, and in such a manner that your customer may call on you again.

The Louisville Journal, in copying from an eastern paper the account of a very tall fellow with the eastern editor's speculation as to what this tall fellow did with his feet when he went to bed, remarks that there is a man who is much taller, and who finds no difficulty with his feet—he always when he lies down, shuts up like a jack knife.

Description of an Irish Cottage.—"Tell me of the cottage, Loggin." "God

bless you Ma'am dear, you're cruel fond of hearing of Cottages; sure the history of most of them in this country is alike—a wedding, and a little to begin with—a power of children, and a little to give them—rack-rent for a bit of land, turned out, bag and baggage for that or the tithe!—beggary, starvation, sickness, & death. That's the poor Irishman's calendar, since the world was world, barrin here and there, now and then, when he gets a sight of good fortune, by mistake.—London New Monthly.

PETER THE GREAT.

This monarch was so much affected with the death of his son Peter, by Catherine the 1st, that he shut himself up at Petershoff, intending to starve himself to death; and forbade any person, of whatever description, under pain of death, to disturb his retirement. The Senate assembled on this desperate resolution of the Prince, and Dolgorouki undertook to drive him from it. He went and knocked at the door of the room where Peter was shut up. "Whosoever you be," said the Czar with a terrible voice, "fly off or I will open the door and knock out your brains." "Open, I say," replied Dolgorouki, in a firm tone, "it is a deputy from the Senate, come to ask you whom you wish to have named emperor in your room, since you have resigned." Peter, struck with the courageous zeal of Dolgorouki, met and embraced this faithful courtier, yielded to his council, and resumed the reign of the government.

POSTSCRIPT TO A LETTER.

[In passing a few moments yesterday at the window of the post-office, cracking a joke with our Jackson friend Brown, of the news department, who should we meet but Ezekiel Bigelow, (who, by the way, looks as sick as if he'd been born in the city) with a message from Sargeant Joel Downing. It seems that the Sargeant liked to have put his foot into it by writing, in a letter, the secrets contained in the official despatches from France, read by him to the general. The Sargeant recollected the former injunctions laid upon him, and destroyed the letter, but forwarded the Postscript. Here it is:—]

"NOTY BENY.—Dear Cousin:—You remember what I told you in my last, how the General agreed to pay me extra wages for spying out the first news from France with my long glass. Well, you see, on Friday, when I was on the look-out, I see another horse clipping it up the avenue like wildfire. There says I, General; there he comes, faster than old Eclipse—just look at him!

I took Commodore Rodger's speaking trumpet, and sung out to the rider, "here, this way, the General's waiting!" Before I'd hardly got the word out of my mouth, in he comes puffing and blowing like a norwester in Downingville. "Well, who are you?" says the General. Says he, "why I'm come express from N. York, with the news from France. There's the Courier, read that." With that the General turned up his nose; says he, "Where's the papers from Mr. Livingston?—I want them."—"Then you may find them yourself," says the chap—I haven't got them. Col. Webb sent to Sandy Hook, and got the French papers, and translated them himself, and there's the contents in the Courier." So the General was obliged to take them, and hand them over to me, and I read them aloud.

"Worse and worse," says he: "I won't bear it no longer—recall Mr. Serurier, and show Mr. Livingston the door—that's too bad—I'll make the King eat humble pie before I've done with him. There, Sargeant Joel, take this paper over to Blair—don't let Duff Green nor Gales & Seaton have a line of it. While you are gone I'll settle the matter with the Frenchmen."

All this time, the fellow stood bolt upright, with his hat in his hand, gaping without speaking a word. "Well, (says the General,) now you've done your errand, what do you stand scratching your forehead for?"

"Why, says he, if the editor of the Courier asks me how much you gave me to bear the expense, what shall I answer him?"

"Why you may tell the editor of the Courier that I'll curry down his hide if he ever sends me his rascally paper again. Sargeant Joel, tell Blair to cut up Webb as small as a horse in his paper to-morrow. There's the door the carpenter made, Mr. Express, and tell your master if he wants pay, to go to the monster—tell him to go to Nick Biddle!—Good bye, sir!—That's all I heard. S. J. D.

The War begun.—The day before yesterday, (says the Pennsylvania Gazette, of Jan. 31,) "we were startled by the report of twenty or thirty big guns in our harbor, and on looking out to see what could be the occasion of so much noise, were surprised to find that it proceeded from a strange brig of war. On looking a little more closely, the tri-colored flag was seen floating among the smoke."

had got the start of us in this matter of the war—of our double-barrelled fowling piece at home, &c., the firing ceased, and the little schooner Experiment took up the tune, and played it as loudly and as well as her large visitors. They were

shooting as Irishmen fight—for love; and as this put us at our ease, we made inquiry, and found that our visitor was the French brig of war Endymion, of 18 guns, ten days from Havana, and that she had touched here for supplies."

From the Baltimore Gazette.
Nearly £1,000, clear of all expenses, were raised in London, a few weeks ago, by means of a concert and ball, for the benefit of the Polish refugees in England, a class of persons whose destitute condition had excited much commiseration. At a meeting of the Committee of management, held shortly after the ball, Lord Dudley Stuart drew a masterly picture of the state of Poland. It really seemed, he said, as if the Russian government was bent on the extermination of the Slavonian race in that unhappy country; for the dismissal of Polish nobles and gentlemen to persons willing to convey transports of children to Munich, to send in estimates of the expense. No fewer than 850 estates had been confiscated in the government of Wilna alone, and their proprietors banished; and should any of them hereafter be found within the limits of the empire they were to be punished as State criminals. On resuming the above statement, we were reminded of Bonaparte's exclamation after his second abdication:—God protect me from the Russians!

The number of refugees in England is about 500, most of whom have been relieved from the sum voted by the Parliament for that purpose; but others who have arrived since that sum was voted, are dependent on private subscriptions. Great difficulties have been found in obtaining suitable situations for them, most of them being military men and unfit for the civil pursuits of a foreign country. Their language not being, like Italian or French, a part of fashionable education, the educated amongst them found it was of no use to offer themselves as teachers; so that their only chance of success appeared to be in the professions of arms. Some had entered the French service in Algiers, and others, it was hoped, would find employment in Portugal. From the interest which their fate excited, that the future prospects were brighter than hitherto fore.

Poland, whose destiny is interesting to America from the names of Kosciuszko and Pulaski, has been, owing to its geographical position, in a miserable condition almost ever since its partition. Many have thought it might have recovered its independence, had Napoleon, on his march to Moscow, been willing to lend his authority to effect that end; and La Fayette once proclaimed in the Chamber of Deputies, his conviction that Napoleon's not doing so, was one of the greatest errors he committed. Perhaps it was; but his fear of raising Austria against him, probably deterred him. However that might be, Poland has since experienced dreadful disasters, and has received that treatment which commonly follows unsuccessful revolt.—There seems to be now no hope for her, so long as Russia can manage to preserve authority over those vast territories and numerous nations which constitute the empire. But Russia, like Rome, may, in time, have her sceptre broken, and her empire dismembered; and when she falls, she will fall like Turkey, amidst the exultations of surrounding nations. Yes, thy proud lords, unpitied land, shall see That man has yet a soul and darts before. A little while long thy adducing plume, The starless night of desolation reigns; Truth shall restore the light by nature given, And, like Prometheus, bring the fire of Heaven!

Prone to the dust, oppression shall be furled; Her name, her nature, withered from the world. Campbell.

"My good friend," said Lord Kaines to a farmer, "such are the wonderful discoveries in science, that I should not be surprised if at some future time, one might be able to carry the compost of an acre of land to the field in his coat pocket." "Very possible," replied the farmer, but in that case I suspect you would be able to bring back the crop in your waistcoat pocket.

Potato Starch.—Let the potatoes be taken and grated down to a pulp, and the pulp placed upon a fine sieve; and water made to pass through it; the water will be found to have carried off with it an infinite number of particles, which it will afterwards deposit in the form of white powder, separable by decantation, which powder is starch possessing all the essential properties of wheaten starch.

Beer Drinking in England.—A correspondent of the Albany Advertiser states, that taking all the strong and small beer together that is brewed in England, it gives two barrels per annum to every man, woman and child, and if collected would float all the Navy in commission. No wonder that John Bull is of so portly appearance.

The amount of specie imported into the U. States from the 1st of January 1833, to the present time, is \$24,428,506. The amount exported during the same period is about \$3,000,000.

Most men, like plants, have secret propensities, which chance discovers.

The Presidency.

THE MASSACHUSETTS CONVENTION
To the People of the U. States.

FELLOW CITIZENS:

The Whigs of Massachusetts present to your suffrages, for the high office of President of the U. States, the name of DANIEL WEBSTER—a name known and honored wherever the voice of constitutional liberty has been heard.

That he is a citizen of our own Republic, Commonwealth, cannot be to us personally a matter of indifference; but it has no influence in our selection of him as a candidate. That circumstance has, on the contrary, retarded the nomination, which, but for that, would long since have been spontaneously from the People of Massachusetts. We have selected him because we believe him to be peculiarly fitted by the character of the times as the man to lead the friends of the Constitution in their great struggle against the power of patronage and corruption. The living principle of the Whig party is love and reverence for the Constitution; and the great question before the nation, let others disguise it as they will, is, whether that sacred charter of political freedom shall be overborne by personal influence and ambition.

In this great crisis—on this great question, which involves not only our own, but perhaps, the liberties of the world, we call on all the friends of liberty throughout the land to discard personal preferences, to surrender local attachments, to bury all minor differences, and to join with us in one great effort to bear up the falling banner of the Constitution. We go for the OAK, not for the MAN; and if another could have been found in the remotest corner of the country who could maintain the standard of our liberties with a firmer hand, who could bring to its defense a sounder head, a purer heart, a more prudent conduct, or a wider experience in public affairs, we should have been the first to rally under his name, and foremost among us for that man would go DANIEL WEBSTER himself. But as we would not sacrifice the cause to the man, though of our own choice, so neither can we sacrifice it to the mere choice of others. We feel that it is a great trust in our hands; we feel that to the People of this country is committed the keeping of the principles of constitutional liberty; that here, where its light first broke forth, it is to be sustained against the powers of political darkness, or sink without a hope of revival. While in other lands it has to contend with power, which calls itself conservative and legitimate, it must struggle here with more insidious enemies—with corruption and with licentiousness—that takes the name of liberty. There it may be crushed for a time by a foreign force; but if it falls here, it dies a suicidal death, from which there is no resurrection.

Conscious of the magnitude of the trust, we have looked impartially through the country for the man to whom we could most conscientiously delegate its highest responsibilities. We have inquired WHO has stood longest, who has stood highest, who has stood firmest for the Constitution, and for the Constitution alone? To WHOM has that been the polar star, from which his eye has never wandered, from which his course has never veered? Through clouds and darkness, WHOSE vigilance has never lost, and whose judgment has never mistaken its light? Others have had other duties to perform, and they have discharged them manfully. To him has fallen, by that opportunity which Providence presents to men called to great works, the task of defending the Constitution. It is not for us to say that, under the same circumstances, others would not have done it as well; but it has been assigned to him, and none could have done it better.

He has stood for the Constitution, not when, nor because, it was threatened from any one quarter. He has repelled with one hand the encroachments of the central power, while with the other he has called back those who would have wandered too far from its influence. He has sustained the Executive in its constitutional efforts with the same vigor and promptness with which he has thrust it aside from its unwarranted pretensions. Others have come to his aid in this great contest, and have won for themselves the everlasting gratitude of their country; but he stood in the breach when the storm burst, and none, to say the least, have stood before him.

It is this which calls on us, and we think, call on all the Constitutionalists of the country, to use every effort to place him where he can exert the most powerful influence. Other questions may arise, or be revived hereafter, in which others will have a right to lead. Our maxim is, take the man best qualified for the immediate emergency. The Constitution is in imminent peril; and if it had not been deeply rooted in the hearts of the people, it would have been already overthrown. Executive power has drawn to itself all other power; it waits for the unrestrained exercise of it, only to see how far it will be borne. We have no fear that it will be endured; we believe there is yet in the country the same spirit that has once shaken off oppression, and that usurpation cannot stand before it. But how shall it be resisted? Shall it be met in principles, or in its effects? Shall we now, by one united effort, restore our paladium, or shall we wait until the indignation of an insulted people shall sweep away the whole fabric of the Government? This is the question now presented to the people of the U. States; it is the question which we call on you to answer.

If it be so—if the question be now whether we shall sustain the Constitution against the attacks of a specious sophistry on the one hand, and open encroachments

on the other, we call on all its friends to support for the Chief Magistracy THE MAN whose talents and preparation best qualify him to meet these great questions, and whose tried prudence and moderation give the surest pledge that the executive power in his hands will be turned back to its accustomed and constitutional channels. And how has DANIEL WEBSTER been prepared for this great trust? How has he gained that eminence which has made him so conspicuous among the distinguished men of the day? By no favor, by no patronage, by no proud origin. A MAN OF THE PEOPLE, the son of a farmer and soldier of the Revolution, he has risen, by the mere force of talent, and integrity, and untiring ardor in the public service, to fill the high place he now occupies.

Sincerely and impartially, without any desire to elevate our own State, by such means, without any expectation of such elevation if our choice should prevail, but simply because we believe the common good and the cause of the country require it, we announce DANIEL WEBSTER as the man of our choice; and for the same reasons do we fervently hope that other States, with the same views, will respond to this call, till the cry shall send dismay to the hearts of the enemies, and courage to the friends, of the Constitution throughout the land.

Fellow-citizens. The destinies of this great country are in the hand of God. We trust that it has not been raised up at the expense of so much of the labor and suffering and blood of our forefathers, to be cast down so soon. Yet, in the success of the administration party, we can see no prospect but that of ruin—to ruin to our prosperity, ruin to our morals, ruin to our institutions, and ruin to the great cause of liberty. That we may be delivered from this evil, let us lay hold of the means which Providence has placed within our reach. Let us unite for the man who seems marked out for this great emergency; who will come to the work under no pledges but the great pledge, solemnly given, and thus far so well redeemed, to rescue and preserve the Constitution. It is impossible to reconcile all the differences of this wide land; but there is one question in which all parts of it have the same interest. Let that be made the rallying point of the Whigs. Let us be for the Constitution, and the man that can best defend it.

We appeal to the magnanimity of individuals and of communities, to parties and to the leaders of parties; we appeal to every man in the country, to say if there be not now interests at stake too precious to be hazarded by adherence to personal partialities and local differences. Let these, then, be abandoned; at least let them be postponed until we have saved the country. When that is done, there will be time enough for other questions.

Fellow-citizens: In this crisis it is not enough that the candidate be an able defender of the Constitution. He must be identified with that cause, and with that alone. He must stand before the country the champion of no other interest. There must be no uncertainty as to the views or purposes of the party. The name of the Constitution is a tower of strength. In that name, and in that alone, and under him who has devoted the whole energies of his mind to its support, let us fight this great battle of liberty! And may God defend the right!

From the correspondent of the Balt. Pat.

"Let the Whigs of the Country—the Whigs of the East, of the Middle States, of the West, of the South, let them every where stand by the CONSTITUTION and its ABLE DEFENDERS—CLAY, CALHOUN and WEBSTER! Three other such men no country in the world can boast of! Besides our MARSHALL, for the JUDICIARY, we have these three great men for the SENATE—aye, the SENATE! the bulwark of our liberties! Clay and Calhoun will not be candidates for the Presidency. The latter will go for Judge White, as the best means of preventing the abuse of power, which is now carried on so monstrously, from descending into the hands of, and being perpetuated by Van Buren, while the former, I cannot doubt, will give his hearty support to his friend, DANIEL WEBSTER! Clay is emphatically a splendid man, of whom any country might well be proud. He has no superior, as a Statesman and an orator, in the world. There is no man who would make a more unexceptionable President of the U. States. But it is his fortune, perhaps, not to be placed in that exalted station. Under the circumstances, he will not repine, however, but will unquestionably throw all the weight of his great influence into the scale of Mr. Webster! The election will doubtless be carried to the House; that is, if Van Buren's friends persist in bringing him forward. And they certainly will, for he is the best, and the very man to be the candidate of the great body of office-holders. No other man could run at their head so well as Martin Van Buren! Hence he will be brought forward at the BALTIMORE CONVENTION, and thus be the means of carrying the election of President into the House of Representatives! Webster and White, the one Whig and the other Jackson, not, however, the whole hog, are now fairly before the people—nominated by Legislatures and by the people themselves. Van Buren can, therefore, keep back, like Clay and Calhoun, and let the people choose between Webster and White, or he can get himself nominated, and prevent an election by the People! Is he Patriot and Republican enough to do it? We shall see!"

The Massachusetts Nomination.—We insert to-day the Address of the Massachusetts Convention recommending Mr. WEBSTER for the Presidency. It was due as well to the respectable source of this Address as to the distinguished

subject of it, to give it an earlier place in our columns, but we have been unable to find room and place fitting for it before the present moment.

This nomination, we perceive, has been welcomed by the press in many quarters. We confess we see nothing likely to prevent it from being sustained by those who have brought it forward, and who favor it.

On the contrary, there are omen, we think, of a concurrence in it by very powerful political interests. For ourselves, we need hardly say, that, if it shall be the general voice of the friends of the Constitution to support Mr. WEBSTER, we shall go for him most sincerely and cordially. We know his honesty, integrity, and singleness of heart. This journal bears, for its motto, a sentiment of his, uttered under circumstances which we shall never forget; and to that sentiment we shall be true, and we know his author will be true to the last hour of his life.

Nat. Int.

Foreign Intelligence.

LATER FROM EUROPE.

Letter from France.—By the Francis Pepau, from Havre, arrived at New-York, Paris papers to the 31st of January have been received.

From the N.Y. American.

The subjoined letter from a good source presents an encouraging, as it will prove, a correct view of our question with France.

The correspondence of the French Government with M. SERURIER, had been laid before the Chambers.

Extract of a letter from an American, dated

PARIS, 29th Jan.—Nothing has been done yet by the Chamber of Deputies. The opposition of all shades is striving might and main to produce a rejection of the treaty, but I do not believe it can succeed.

The Government on the other hand is earnestly intent upon doing us justice, and the defence of the treaty will be entrusted to M. Thiers, by far the ablest man in the house. The subject is uppermost in all minds. The more it is investigated, the better it will be for us. Hitherto it was considered one of very little moment.

The correspondent of the London Times, under date from Paris of 27th January, thus speculates on the French Treaty with this country:

"When the Russian claims on France were revived a few days ago, it was generally feared that their agitation at the very moment when the American question was on the eve of discussion, would have a strong tendency to strengthen the coalition which had arrayed itself against the recognition of the Washington Treaty.—It now appears, however, that the Ministers, who were supposed to have given a fresh arm to the Opposition by this untimely revival of these dormant claims, have, in fact, been exhibiting their skill in Parliamentary tactics, in order to make the payment of the 25,000,000 of francs less unpalatable to the Chamber than before.

"With this view, they have allowed a still more unpopular claim to be brought forward, that they might at once have the merit of proposing its rejection, and of making it palpable to all the world that the only well-founded debt in existence, due to any foreign Power, is that which is due by treaty to the Government of the U. States. It remains to be seen what effect this manœuvre will have on the fate of the only serious question at issue. In the mean time, the Opposition have been disappointed in their expectation of damaging the Ministry in public estimation. Great hopes were entertained among the gentlemen of the *cote gauche* that the interpellations of yesterday would have prepared the way for a fresh victory when the American question came on for discussion.

These hopes are now all but extinguished, and in spite of the efforts of M. Dupin, and the remnant of the *tiers parti*, there is now a better chance than ever of brother Jonathan receiving his dollars, without the need of recurring to those strong measures of security which were supposed to be in preparation."

A discussion on the Russian claims took place in the French Chamber on the 26th, the result of which was, that—upon the assurance from the Minister of the Interior, that, in balancing accounts, the Duchy of Warsaw would be found a debtor, rather than a creditor of France—the Chamber passed to the order of the day.

From the National Intelligence.

The following is an extract of a letter from an American gentleman in Paris, to a member of the House of Representatives, dated

PARIS, Jan. 31.

"I have nothing new here. The Chambers have not yet acted upon the treaty, nor will they for several weeks. I have no doubt that they will pay the money, unless Congress adopt some offensive and impolitic measure, which will be insulting to the pride of the nation.

"I send you a memorial of the manufacturers of Lyons, which places the question in a forcible point of view.

"A mere suggestion of a suspension of commercial intercourse was enough to induce the people of France to urge upon their Deputies a speedy settlement of the question.

"It will be many years before France will be restored to that good feeling which was cherished for America and Americans, unhappily broken up by the language of the President. I hope Congress have done nothing to aggravate the wound inflicted."

Another letter, from a gentleman whose means of information is as great as any one in Paris, says:

"The treaty will be executed. The Ministers feel themselves stronger. Their journals speak out with more con-

fidence, and the opposition appear to have exhausted their malice.

A kind word from Congress, expressive of their confidence in the honor and justice of France, will soothe their irritated feelings, and have a good effect."

The following is a part of a letter from an American gentleman in Paris, last August, published in New York. If the Government had acted upon this suggestion, the money would have been provided before this time. It is believed that Mr. Livingston, and Mr. Rives, were in favor of the course here recommended:

"There is but one way in which we can get our just indemnification, and that is, by passing a law, at the early part of the next session of Congress, authorizing the President in the event of a failure to provide for it, at the next session of the Chamber, to close all the ports of the U. States against all French importations. This will cause great consternation throughout France—we consume one-fourth of their silks, and you will see such scenes at Lyons as were never seen before. If they retaliate by excluding our cotton and tobacco, they will ruin their lace and calico manufactures, and lose their monopoly of tobacco, which you know is now enjoyed by the Government. We can get our silks and velvets from Italy, and send our tobacco to Holland. The people of France will bring them to justice. If threatening language is used by our Government, it will be a pretext for not being coercive. If reprisals are resorted to, they will turn their quadruple alliance to account against us by getting the aid of Great Britain, under French commissions, to harass our commerce."

The Carlists, in Spain, appear to be gaining ground. There is some talk of arranging the affair by a marriage of one of Carlos's sons with the young Queen.

The Right Hon. James Fitzgerald died at Booterstown, Ireland, on the 20th Jan. at the age of 93, deeply regretted by his countrymen, having filled many important offices with great fidelity to his country's interests. His eloquence was of the purest style, and the tone of his voice so harmonious, that he has deservedly been styled the "silver tongued Prime Serjeant." He has been the last survivor of those glorious men, who, in a bloodless field, won for their country a constitution in 1782.

CHARLESTON, S. C. Feb. 27.

Very late from Lisbon.—The Bremen ship *Galathea*, which arrived in the Ofing yesterday, in the very short run of 30 days from Lisbon, left that port on the 27th ult. one day after the arrival there of the Duc de Leuchtenberg. She brings the intelligence, that the marriage ceremony between the Duke and Donna Maria Queen of Portugal, had taken place, to the universal satisfaction of the country. Strong expectations were entertained that Portugal, under the government of that enlightened Prince, would gradually recover from the wounds of civil war, inflicted by the Usurper, Don Miguel. Madrid dates of the middle of January, state the detection of a conspiracy of the Ultra Liberals, which it was thought would tend to strengthen the government of the Queen.

VARIOUS MATTERS.

A skilful Counterfeiter arrested.

The Mayor of Philadelphia, after months of the most indefatigable labor, has succeeded in arresting the most accomplished counterfeiter in the U. States. He has not only arrested the principal, but he has obtained the whole apparatus—dies, lathes, printing press, perfected plates and all. The Mayor has known, for six months past, that this skilful artist—for he is perhaps one of the most skilful in the world—has been engaged in the execution of a plate for the purpose of engraving notes of the denomination of ten dollars on the Bank of the U. States. He kept a watchful eye upon his every movement and arrested him just as his work was completed and after he had printed about one hundred notes. He had also at the time, the paper prepared for an immense amount of this description of money. We yesterday called at the office of the Mayor and examined the whole apparatus, also several of the notes.

They are decidedly the best counterfeit, so far as engraving is concerned, being yet executed in the U. States—every so well engraved that had the signatures been counterfeited with equal success it would have been impossible for the keenest eye to distinguish the genuine from the forged. The Mayor deserves the thanks of the whole community for his successful and arduous exertions in the arrest of this counterfeiter, while we think it impossible for the Banking Institutions adequately to reward him, for had the culprits not been detected, notes of his engraving, no matter upon what Bank, would have passed quite as readily as the genuine bills.

We have seen thousands of counterfeit bank notes, and we unhesitatingly say that this is decidedly the best that ever came under our notice. Not only are the beauties of the genuine plate closely imitated, but the most trifling blemish has been counterfeited with the most faithful exactness. Fortunately for the public, and for the Bank of the U. States, this culprit was arrested before he had circulated a single note. It is the intention of the Mayor to submit the whole of the facts in relation to this matter to the public, as soon as some important testimony is obtained. *Bicknell's Register.*

A mercantile house in this city has received a letter from a gentleman in St. Mary's, a border town in Georgia, on the river St. Mary, which separates Georgia from Florida. It is a shocking picture of the state of society in a certain class.

St. Mary's, Geo. Saturday, Feb. 21.

On Wednesday night the most brutal cowardly and horrible murders were committed by Tom King 3d, and his sons, on Nancy Casey and young James Scott, and it is presumed by this time, Baldwin Casey is also dead. Mr. Demot and old Mrs. Casey both dangerously wounded.

It appears that on Wednesday night, after tea, King's oldest unmarried daughter, about 18 years old, let his flat drift, so he could not follow, and jumped into a boat, and paddled over the river, and met William Casey, to whom she was married. King mustered his sons, John, George, Hiram and Josiah, and crossed the river at my place, (which you know is one mile below him,) where he was joined by William and Simon Rouse. They had sworn vengeance whenever this marriage, which they had expected, should take place. They all proceeded to John Casey's house, the door of which was shut. John King burst open the door, and said "there the way is clear." He, with the two Rouses, remained at the door. King and his other sons entered, and the old man went up to Mrs. Casey, cursed and stabbed at her. Demot and Scott had just accidentally stepped in to warm themselves. Demot partly caught the blow on his own arm, which was aimed at Mrs. Casey, and it severed her breast through, and King caught Demot round the waist and stabbed him in the back. Scott attempted to pull King off of Demot, when Hiram pursued—cut his bowels through in several places. He staggered about 80 feet and fell to rise no more. King then went up to Nancy Casey, she begged for her life; said she had done him no harm, and to have compassion on a defenceless woman, with a child at her breast. He stabbed her twice, I believe she ran a little way, fell and expired. The next day her child was found, vainly endeavoring to extract nourishment from the breast of a corpse. Baldwin Casey had been a little frost bitten. George King went to his bed, stabbed and cut him as he lay, three times—his bowels completely cut through in several places, and Dr. Halland who sewed them up, and gave the foregoing relation, says he cannot possibly live. From their conduct and threat, it is supposed their design was, to kill all they found at Casey's, and thus destroy all evidence. The young couple, it appears, happened to go to Muzzle's about 3 miles off, instead of to Casey's, and thus escaped the fate which awaited them. They have not even the miserable excuse of drunkenness. All the murderers were sober at that particular time. King had been drinking a day or two before. All of them fled, except John King and the two Rouses, who as they did not use knives, thought nothing could be done to them. They are now in Jail at Jefferson, but the old man and his other sons have fled.

Another Rail Road Riot.—Yesterday about 11 o'clock an express arrived at this city, not to inform the President of the U. States that the French had commenced hostilities, but to inform General Hunter, the Marshal of the District, that a serious disturbance had broken out among the Dutch Laborers on the Washington and Baltimore Rail Road, about 4 miles from this city, not far from Bladensburg. The Marshal with his deputy, M. T. Woodward, and Samuel Stettinus, Esq. promptly repaired to the seat of war, accompanied by the following officers of police, R. R. Burr, L. S. Beck, M. Sippert, M. Jeffers, H. B. Robertson, C. F. Boextine, H. Sengstack, Thomas Barrett, M. Reardon, D. S. Waters, and C. Ashton. On the arrival of the Marshal and his officers, they found themselves in the midst of refractory laborers, who had been engaged in a serious affray with muskets and other deadly weapons. Five or six Dutchmen were wounded with shot, one or two severely, but none fatally thought by Dr. B. Miller, who attended the wounded men, mortally.

The Marshal acted with great promptitude and energy. He succeeded, notwithstanding the great excitement which prevailed among the large body of laborers all along the road, in securing 12 prisoners, to wit: 11 Dutchmen and one Frenchman, and in taking from them about a dozen muskets! The prisoners were marched, under an escort, consisting of the Marshal, his Deputy and the Officers above mentioned, and safely lodged in goal about 5 o'clock. We were present while the prisoners were under examination before Stettinus and J. N. Moulder, Esq's. Two of the men we saw were wounded with shot 'not severely. We understand, that one of the wounded men can swear positively to the person who fired at him. The prisoners will undergo a further examination on Monday next.

It appears that this riot originated in a determination on the part of a considerable number of the Dutch laborers to obtain higher wages, or have a fight about it. Another party, who though not aware of higher wages, refused to make war upon the contractors, were themselves attacked by the war party. Hence the blows and wounds that followed. We consider the Marshal's promptitude and energy, aided as he was by an efficient magistrate and police officers, has probably prevented murder or the loss of lives. It is much to be desired, that the real offenders and ringleaders may be brought to condign punishment. *Washington Mirror.*

From the Centreville (Ind.) Watchman, THE HOOSHER OAK.
Mr. EPHRAIM MYERS, a very respectable citizen of this county, informs us that, a year ago last June, he cut an Oak on his farm, which was a chartered, if not "the Charter Oak." This mammoth of the woods was 7 feet in diameter & about 21 feet in circumference—and perfectly sound from root to branch, with one small exception. It being known that honey bees had been at work among its branches for some time, a goodly portion of the neighborhood, men, women, and children, to the amount of 50 souls, assembled to witness the execution of the forest King. About 10 o'clock, A. M. the thunder echoes from "hill and dale and forest wild," announced the prostration of the Monarch who had battled the storms of ages. Much of the honey was wasted by falling, the multitude fed to

surfeit upon it until night, and still 8 gallons of an excellent quality and a "right smart chance" of Beeswax were preserved. And then this matchless Tree yielded the owner \$6 dollars worth of Bark—700 Rails—300 Stakes, and 4 cords of Wood. If there is any body in the Mississippi val-

ley, who would like to see the prostration of the Monarch, he can see it at Centreville, Ind. on Monday next, at 10 o'clock, A. M. The honey was wasted by falling, the multitude fed to

up from an infant by the Indians,) acted as interpreter. After the trial, the principal chief, Israel Jimson, made a short speech to the Court, the import of which was, that they were rejoiced that the Great Spirit had put it into the hearts of their white brothers to do justice to the red men.

The French brig of war D'Assas, was in much peril on Saturday. She lies in the North River, in the stream, and the ice gathered so heavily as to cause her to drag her anchors. She drifted nearly to Bedloe's Island before she was released. She fired a number of guns about two o'clock in the morning, for a pilot, and the pilot of our news schooner went off to her. The steamboat Hercules was procured, and the brig was towed round to the Navy Yard, where she now lies. *N. Y. Times.*

HORRIBLE OCCURRENCE.

We learn from Newburyport, that on Wednesday night last, at a late hour, a woman (we purposely withhold the name) arose from her bed, and going to a bed upon which one of her children, about three years old, lay asleep, deliberately cut its throat with a razor, so severely as to cause its death in a short time! With regard to the motive which could have prompted a mother to take the life of her child—though many reports are in circulation—it would seem that she was either insane, or—what is asserted by some—that she had arisen in her sleep, and had committed the act under the impression that she was engaged in some ordinary household affair. This truly is a horrid occurrence; and, but for the false reports in regard to it, we should have rather let it pass with out this public notice of the transaction. *Amesbury Courier.*

A most shocking accident occurred at Hancock, Mass., on the 23d ultimo. Mr. Steven Hull, of that town, and his partner, Mr. Hand, were making some trifling repairs on the water wheel of their cotton factory.

They had secured as they thought the wheel from motion, and as Mr. Hull was making the repairs on top of the wheel, the fastenings gave away, and the wheel being loaded with water from the leakage of the gate, commenced a rapid revolution, and carried him down between the buckets and bulk head, when he was instantly crushed to death. So closely was his head and one arm wedged, that it was nearly half an hour before the body was extricated.

A DOG STORY.

A gentleman who knows we are friendly to good dogs, and do not like to see even a cur abused, stopped to tell us a story about one of these half reasoning animals, which we in the exercise of our friendliness, give to our readers.

Last week a large Newfoundland dog, kept in a tan yard in the Northern Liberties, had persuaded a small dog to play with him, and while they were amusing themselves, the smaller animal was accidentally rolled into an open tan pit, in which the water was quite deep, though it did not reach within 18 inches of the edge of the vat. The little fellow floundered about terribly, but could not get out, and the large dog could not reach him. Some of the workmen saw the whole occurrence, and felt disposed to watch at a distance the movements of the Newfoundland dog. He ran round the vat in great concern, then hastened to the building where the men had been, but they were not to be found. He then ran back and took another mournful look at his little play mate, and then tried again for help. None was to be had, and matters were becoming desperate in the vat. The Newfoundland dog then selected a place at the edge of the vat, where some of the tan had been removed, and where the edge was not more than 20 inches above the water. He then stretched himself out, and thrust his fore feet down to the water, edging himself with care, so as not to lose his balance and fall in himself. This was a matter of nice calculation, as the weight of the puppy was to be added to that of his head and shoulder. At length he appeared to have adjusted the weight to his mind. He then reached out and took the little dog with a strong grip in his fore paws, and being unable, of course, to rise up with that weight hanging over the edge of the pit, he drew himself back with great efforts, and after considerable exertions, succeeded in landing the half-drowned dog in safety—and great and sincere was the joy manifested by both animals at the fortunate deliverance. *U. S. Gaz.*

From the Centreville (Ind.) Watchman, THE HOOSHER OAK.

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ELECTION OF
SCHOOL DIRECTORS.

NOTIFICATION.

PURSUANT to the provisions of the 24 section of the Act of the General Assembly of this Commonwealth, entitled "An Act to establish a General System of Education by Common Schools," passed the 1st day of April, A. D. 1834—

I hereby give Notice to the Citizens of the several School Districts in the County of Adams, to meet in their respective Townships and Boroughs, at the places where they hold their Elections for Supervisors, Town Councils, and Constables, on the **Third Friday (20th day) of March next**, and then and there elect TWO CITIZENS of each School District, to serve for THREE YEARS, as School Directors of said Districts respectively; which elections are to be conducted and held in the same manner as elections for Supervisors and Constables are by law held and conducted.

JAMES BELL, Jr. Sheriff,
Feb. 21.

NOTICE.

IN pursuance of an Act of the General Assembly of Pennsylvania, approved the 15th day of April, A. D. 1834, entitled "An Act relating to County rates and levies," the undersigned, Commissioners of Adams county, will proceed and attend to hear Appeals, for the several Townships, from all persons who may apply for redress, in accordance with the directions of said Act, and will grant such relief, and make such corrections, as to them shall appear just and reasonable. The Boards of Appeal will be held in the following order, at which times and places the several Assessors will attend for their respective Townships, viz.:

For Menallen and Franklin townships, on the 16th of March, at the house of George Myers, in Ardentown.
For Hamilton and Liberty, on the 17th of March, at the house of Isaac Robinson, in Millersville.
For Strasburg, Cumberland, and the borough of Gettysburg, on the 18th of March, at the Commissioners' Office in Gettysburg.

For Germany, Conowing and Mountjoy, on the 19th of March, at the house of Francis Leas, in Littlestown.
For Berwick, Hamilton and Mountpleasant, on the 20th of March, at the house of Philip Henry, Esq. in Oxford.
For Huntingdon, Lattimore, Reading and Tyrone, on the 21st of March, at the house of Moses Myers, in Petersburg.

The Commissioners, for the information of all interested, make known, that by the Act of Assembly aforesaid, the Commissioners are bound not to "make any allowance or abatement in the valuation of any real estate, in any other year than that in which the triennial assessment is made, excepting where buildings or other improvements have been destroyed, subsequently to such triennial assessment, and in the case of personal property, offices, professions, trades and occupations, where there has been any alteration in the assessment, occasioning a different valuation from the former year, and also where persons have come to inhabit in the county since such triennial assessment," and that no notice in the two years succeeding the triennial assessment is to be given to the taxable inhabitants aforesaid, but in the latter recited cases only.

ROBT. McILHENY,
JOHN BROUGH,
JOHN MUSSELMAN, } Comm.
Attest—Wm. KING, Clerk.
Commissioners' Office, Gettysburg, Feb. 28d, 1835.

CAUTION.

THE Subscriber, sometime last May, gave a Note to GEORGE BERCAW, conditioned for the payment of Forty Dollars; and as he is not likely to receive valuable consideration therefor, he cautions every person not to take an assignment of said note.

JOHN CHAMBERS.
Feb. 21.

PUBLIC SALE.

WILL be Exposed to Public Sale, on Wednesday the 18th inst. at the residence of the subscriber, in Mountjoy township, the following property, viz.

Horses, Colts, Cows, and young Cattle, Hogs, one Wagon, Ploughs, Harrows, & Cultivator, Horse-Gears, Hay by the ton, Wheat, Corn, and Oats by the bushel, Windmill and Cutting-box, Stove and Pipe, with a variety of Household and Kitchen Furniture too numerous to insert.

Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, A. M. precisely, when due attendance and a reasonable credit will be given by

SILAS M. HORNER.
March 9.

Temperance.

THE Fairfield Temperance Society will hold a quarterly meeting on Monday the 23d inst. at 2 o'clock, in the Presbyterian Church, when an Address will be delivered by the Rev. E. KIRK.

NOTICE.

THE several Heirs under the last will of HENRY STAGLE, deceased, are cautioned to call on the Subscriber for payment; as no interest will be paid from this date.

MICHAEL STAGLE.
Feb. 3, 1835. [13]

Cash paid for Lard and Cotton Bags at the Printing Office.

POOR-HOUSE
ACCOUNTS.

Thos. J. COOPER, Treasurer, in account with the Directors of the Poor and of the House of Employment of Adams County.

DR.	Dolla.	Cts.
To balance in Treasurer's hands on last settlement,	29	80
Order on Wm. Laub, County T.	100	00
Do. do.	300	00
Do. do.	300	00
Do. do.	300	00
Amount received from Jas. Robinson, Esq. for forefeiture,	4	00
Order on Wm. Laub, Treas'r,	200	00
Do. do.	300	00
Do. do.	300	00
Do. do.	500	00
Do. do.	300	00
Cash received from Chas. Wirt, Trustee of Francis Wickey, by hand of Jas. A. Thompson, for support of Wickey's wife,	18	75
	\$2,852	35

By cash paid Abraham Scott, on order issued 1832, sale of land, 182 | 25 |

Sundry persons for funeral expenses for out-door paupers, 63 | 82 |

Michael Downs and Dixon for chopping cord-wood, 38 | 25 |

Hirelings, 107 | 10 |

Support of out-door paupers, Justices' orders, 245 | 13 |

Constables for executing orders, 21 | 20 |

Jacob Humphry, hireling, 19 | 46 |

Flour, 82 | 50 |

Tradesmen, 184 | 83 |

Peter Eline and others, for meat, 82 | 30 |

P. Aunghinbaugh, steward, to pay sundry expenses, 171 | 88 |

Doct. D. Horner, salary and extra service, 105 | 00 |

Arnold, Fahnstock, Miller & Witherow, T. J. Cooper, Dickey & Humes, for merchandise, 123 | 99 |

Steward's salary, 561 | 29 |

Clerk's salary, 146 | 25 |

Printers' bills, 25 | 00 |

Printer's bills, 26 | 00 |

Vegetables, 9 | 78 |

Drugs and dye-stuffs, 25 | 50 |

Coffins, 31 | 91 |

Sewing and tailoring, 33 | 00 |

Stock Cattle, 19 | 75 |

Lime, 57 | 50 |

Doctor Smith, medical service, 3 | 49 |

Turkey tolls, 6 | 25 |

John Adair, for a pump, 7 | 50 |

Andrew Polly, for cooking-stove and tin-ware, 6 | 50 |

Sundry persons for grain, 80 | 91 |

Directors, extra service, 47 | 29 |

Tuition of children in poor-house, 15 | 00 |

Posts and Rails, 3 | 79 |

Ploutz, for carding and fulling, 76 | 42 |

Treasurer's salary, 18 | 91 |

Balance in Treasurer's hand, 20 | 00 |

\$2,852 35

WE, the subscribers, Auditors to settle and adjust the Public Accounts, do certify, that we have examined the items which compose the above Account, and do Report that they are correct, and that the balance of One hundred and twelve dollars and seventy cents remains in the hands of the Treasurer, and due to the Institution, being from the 7th day of January, 1834, to the 6th day of January, 1835, both days included.

JOSEPH FINK, } Audi.
SAMUEL DIEHL, } tors.

PETER AUGHINBAUGH, Steward, in acct. with the Directors of the Poor and of the House of Employment of Adams County.

DR.

To cash received from Thos. J. Cooper on orders, 195 | 00 |

Geo. Chritzman, on note for price of cow and interest, 18 | 40 |

Sundry persons for turkeys, 2 | 47 |

David Blakely and others, for rent of stable and pasture, 12 | 40 |

Jas. A. Thompson, for straw and pasture, 10 | 84 |

Samuel Little, by hands of J. A. Thompson, for supporting Barbara Zell, a pauper, 6 | 03 |

Wm. M. Curdy, Trustee of Sebastian Troyer, by the hands of J. A. Thompson, 25 | 00 |

Cash in charity-box, 1 | 28 |

John Gilbert, for hides and skins, 29 | 98 || | \$306 | 36 |
DR.	Dolla.	Cts.
By balance due Steward on last settlement,	8	32
Sundry persons for grain,	14	02
Meat,	20	05
Out-door and travelling paupers,	10	38
Tradesmen,	30	05
Merchandise,	3	04
Hirelings,	62	00
Vegetables,	23	76
Postage,	65	
Fruit,	14	90
Butter,	25	48
Vinegar, &c.	8	81
Rails,	7	26
Bedding,	5	77
Stove,	7	00
Harvest hands,	38	25
John Gilbert, for leather,	25	44
Balance in the Steward's hands,	66	
	\$306	36

By balance due Steward on last settlement, 8 | 32 |

Sundry persons for grain, 14 | 02 |

Meat, 20 | 05 |

Out-door and travelling paupers, 10 | 38 |

Tradesmen, 30 | 05 |

Merchandise, 3 | 04 |

Hirelings, 62 | 00 |

Vegetables, 23 | 76 |

Postage, 65 | |

Fruit, 14 | 90 |

Butter, 25 | 48 |

Vinegar, &c. 8 | 81 |

Rails, 7 | 26 |

Bedding, 5 | 77 |

Stove, 7 | 00 |

Harvest hands, 38 | 25 |

John Gilbert, for leather, 25 | 44 |

Balance in the Steward's hands, 66 | |

\$306 36

WE, the subscribers, Auditors to settle and adjust the Public Accounts, do certify, that we have examined the items which compose the above Account, and do Report that they are correct, and that the balance of Sixty-six Cents remains in the hands of the Steward—being from the 7th day of January, 1834, to the 6th day of January, 1835—both days included.

JOSEPH FINK, } Audi.
SAMUEL DIEHL, } tors.

By cash paid Abraham Scott, on order issued 1832, sale of land, 182 | 25 |

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Jacob Humphry, hireling, 19 | 46 |

Flour, 82 | 50 |

Tradesmen, 184 | 83 |

Peter Eline and others, for meat, 82 | 30 |

P. Aunghinbaugh, steward, to pay sundry expenses, 171 | 88 |

Produce of the Farm, 1834.

201 bushels of Wheat,	201
168 " Rye,	168
124 " Corn,	124
2 " Oats,	2
3 " Flaxseed,	3
3 " Cloverseed,	3
30 " Potatoes,	30
30 tons of Hay,	30
2,866 pounds of Pork,	2,866
2,393 " Beef,	2,393
136 yards of Linen and Cloth manufactured in the house.	136

50 Paupers remained at the Poor-house on the 6th day of January, 1834.

72 Paupers remained at the Poor-house on the 6th day of January, 1835.

7 Paupers supported out of the House by the Institution in part.

58 Paupers admitted in the course of the year, including out-door paupers.

March 9.

DE LA MONTERAT'S

INDIAN SPECIFIC.

THIS valuable Medicine is highly recommended to the public, as being a safe and effectual cure of Coughs, Colds, Consumptions, and Diseases of the Breast and Lungs, &c. A direction and certificates will accompany each bottle of Specific.

RUSSELL & CHAPMAN'S

Anti-Dyspeptic Pills.

These Pills are extensively known, as being an effectual remedy for the cure of Dyspepsia, or Indigestion.

The above Medicines are for sale at the Apothecary and Drug Store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Jan. 5.

Dr. Wesley's Infant Drops.

THIS mild and efficacious remedy possesses many advantages over other remedies usually employed for diseases of children. It has been found beneficial in the following diseases—pains in the stomach and bowels, cholera, griping, restlessness, &c. It is prepared from vegetables only.

For sale at the Drug Store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Jan. 12.

Potter's Catholicon,

A sovereign remedy for diseases of the liver, debility resulting from intemperance and dissipation, old and inveterate ulcers, pains in the bones, attended with swelling of the joints, indigestion, blotches on the face, pimples, &c. syphilis, cutaneous diseases generally, and tetter in particular, mercurial and scrofulous complaints, &c.—sold at the Apothecary and Book-store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, Feb. 2.

THE

CHURCH HARMONY,

A Pocket Volume of Sacred Music, by Henry Smith, third edition, enlarged and improved, for sale by the dozen or single copy, at publisher's prices.

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER,

Bookseller, Gettysburg.

By whom orders for the above work will be thankfully received and punctually attended to.

Feb. 16.

ARNOLD'S TRUE CHRISTIANITY,

translated from the German, by the Rev. John N. Hoffman, Pastor of the Evang. Lutheran Church, Chambersburg, Pa.—for sale at the Book-store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Gettysburg, May 26.

BUCHU.—Carpenter's Compound

Fluid Extract of Buchu, for disease of the bladder, obstruction of urine, chronic gonorrhoea, and gleet of long standing—for sale at the Drug Store of

Z. DANNER.

May 26.

LIQUID OPODELDOC—Prepared

and constantly kept for sale at the Drug Store of

Z. DANNER.

May 26.

Doctor Schmucker's

POPULAR THEOLOGY,

WITH special reference to the doctrines of the Reformation, as avowed before the Diet at Augsburg, in 1530—by S. S. SCHMUCKER, D. D. Professor of Christian Theology in the Theol. Seminary of the General Synod of the Lutheran Church, Gettysburg, Pa. For sale at the Book store of

SAMUEL H. BUEHLER.

Oct. 1.

TO OUR CREDITORS.

TAKE Notice, that we have applied to the Judges of the Court of Common Pleas of Adams county, Pa. for the benefit of the Insolvent laws of this Commonwealth; and they have appointed Monday the 27th day of April next, for hearing us & our Creditors, at the Court-house in the borough of Gettysburg, when and where you may attend if you think proper.

GEORGE STITZEL,

HENRY MEEDS.

March 2.

Estate of Anthony Topper.

ALL persons indebted to the Estate of Anthony Topper, late of Mountjoy township, Adams county, Pa. dec'd. will make payment to SAMUEL DUNBAR, Esq. residing in said township; and all persons having claims against the Estate of said deceased, are hereby notified to make known the same to the subscriber without delay.

The Administrator resides in Westminster, Frederick county, Md.

JOSEPH TOPPER, Adm'r.

Feb. 16.

Beware of Imposition!

RECOMMEND, Va. July 15, 1830.

The public will be pleased to understand that I was the original discoverer of Judkin's Ointment, and sole proprietor of the patent from Sept. 1817, until the expiration of the same; but, having connected myself with Dr. Judkin in the commencement, I permitted the Ointment to bear his name. The term of the patent having expired on the 20th June, I have made an improvement in the same, and taken out a patent thereon.

N. SHEPHERD.

Imposition having been practised upon the public by a spurious article bearing the name of 'Judkin's Ointment,' the proprietor avails himself of the authority granted to him in his letters patent, now to call the Ointment after his own name. Henceforth it will be known by the name of

SHEPHERD'S PATENT SPECIFIC OINTMENT, (formerly Judkin's.)

When I first made and prepared this Ointment, and had, in several instances, experienced its good effects, I sent it to several physicians, with instructions in what cases to apply it, who were of opinion that the Ointment would be a valuable public benefit. I concluded that the Ointment would occasionally fall into hands, some of whom would probably undertake to make it, and knowing the difficulty of the process—nevertheless, it might be propagated in this adulterated situation; as it might in some degree resemble the original—and in this way its good effects would be obliterated. Under these considerations I secured the original and certain remedy for those obstinate diseases, some of which have so long baffled the skill of medical science.

1st. White swellings of every description.

2d. Sore legs and ulcers of long standing.

3d. Scirrhus or Glandular tumours, particularly those hardened tumours in women's breasts, which oftentimes terminate in ulcerated cancers.

4th. Felons, or what some people know by the name of Catarrhs, of every description.